green and brown ; anything like that reef of creaming murmuring surf; anything, above all, like that tesselated lagoon of purple and emerald and sapphire in every shade, then would I see Tahiti shape herself in her mists and never take my eyes from her. There were, and there were not. Tahiti is Queen of the South. She has everything that Moorea has to offer, but she holds true sway only in her more remote districts and you must do homage to obtain her. Mostly her visitors do not. They are content to see her where she sits on Papeete Bay, tamed, demoralised and a little shamed, and since it is so easy (for she is lovely even so) they write home fantastic lies.

Not, then, can one make the island landfall of Tahiti as did Wallis or Cook, unless one is very rich and very wise. If I could see her first again, knowing what I do and with means which I have

not, I would steal upon her fifty miles away from
the course of the liners and the Papeete anchorage*
For ever, come how or where or when you will,
must she first appear unsubstantial dream and
then far-lifting remote untrodden heights bearing
up the clouds. For ever must the music of her